

THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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FLORIMORE AND LEONTINE.

FRIENDSHIP has often been the theme of the poet and the prosaist.—The beauties and advantages concomitant on a cultivation of this sacred principle, between kindred souls, have been displayed in productions, replete with the brightest effusions of human genius. But so unstable and momentary are the bonds which connect minds apparently in unison, that many, very many, join with the poet; who says,

“ And what is friendship but a name?
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.”

There are, however (though rare) instances which confirm the existence of a principle so dear to the feeling heart. Instances, in which the mind (truly great) has triumphed over the pitiful prejudices of what is called the *fashionable world*, and rose superior to the censures and sarcasms of those, who vainly and arrogantly stile themselves, “*the better sort*.” An example of this kind is portrayed in the following fact.

Florimore and *Leontine* were the only sons of two gentlemen, whose estates were contiguous, and who resided in a town situate in the western part of Massachusetts. In the innocent amusements of childhood, they were constant partners; through the playful scenes of youth, they walk'd hand in hand. They were instructed by the same preceptor; tasted the sweets of science from the same cup, and the same college witnessed the progressive improvement of two minds, which bid fair, in their expansion, to enlighten and bless society.

Having completed their collegiate education, they retired to spend a few months in their native town, and to enjoy the company of those whose paternal fondness had enabled them to tread the paths of knowledge with honour; and whose attention to the improvement of their understandings, in the days of

youth, had assisted them to gain the applause of the learned world.

The time at length arrives when they must part.—It was the wish of *Florimore's* father that he should devote his talents to the ministry of the gospel of peace—with that wish the willing son coincided.—*Leontine's* disposition led him to the study of physick.—They part, in pursuit of their different callings. No vows were necessary to cement and perpetuate their friendship—an intimacy for years had formed an union, which nothing but death could dissolve.

Florimore, had completed his studies, and was inducted into the pastoral office, to take charge of a flock, who delighted in his ministry, and who were enraptured with the propriety and amiableness of his conduct in the private walks of life—indeed, his heart was the receptacle of every finer feeling; the sigh of sympathy ever escaped him, at the tale of another's woe, and the tear of pity streamed from his eye, at the sight of human misery. But the sigh of sympathy, and the tear of pity, were not the only consolations which *Florimore* afforded to the sons and daughters of distress. His hospitable board bid welcome to the hungry and the thirsty, and his wardrobe often furnished a cloak for the naked, shivering mendicant.

About this time *Leontine* was ushered into the notice of the world, as a Physician. He was soon celebrated for an uncommon share of skill in his profession, and for his attention and humanity to his patients. His practice became extensive, and his prospects were flourishing. Though the love of wealth is predominant in most minds, *Leontine* ever made it subservient to the calls of humanity. His attention and skill were employed equally with those who moved in the obscure, humble paths of life, and those whose opulence enabled them to revel in every luxury the world afforded.

At the close of three years attention to the duties of his calling, *Florimore*, was seized

with a disorder, which his physicians apprehended would prove mortal. *Leontine* flew, on the wings of friendship, to the assistance of the beloved of his soul. His skilful aid, and the smiles of an overruling Providence, soon dispelled that anxiety, under which his parish and friends laboured, lest a blossom so useful should be nipt in its opening. But though the respectable Clergyman got the better of his disorder it left him in a very weak and debilitated state; and it was the decided opinion of the faculty, that he must bid adieu to the walks of a clerical life. This intelligence impressed the minds of the people of his charge, with the deepest sorrow;—nor was *Florimore* unaffected on the occasion, though he was sensible of the necessity of the compliance with the opinion of his physicians. He, however, collected sufficient strength and fortitude, once more to ascend the sacred desk, and take an affectionate farewell of his beloved flock. Tears often choked the passage of his words, while melancholy, and heartfelt grief were depicted in the countenance of his audience. After this, he quitted the place of his late residence, and the prayers and blessings of hundreds followed him to the mansion of his affectionate parent.

A short time previous to this event, his father, from the natural goodness and disposition of his heart, had become bound, to a large amount, in order to save a distant relation from the walls of a prison. (But, oh! ingratitude, thou worst of friends, how shall I relate the tale of your baseness?) This relation, in contempt of the most solemn obligations, hardened against the operation of every principle of honour and generosity, decamped, and left his too credulous benefactor to the mercy of an unfeeling creditor, who sternly demanded of *Florimore's* father the payment of every farthing. To satisfy the demand the whole property of the unfortunate gentleman was sold at public auction, nor did

even the venerable mansion or household furniture remain the property of its former owner.—This event made so deep an impression upon the aged gentleman's mind, that it brought on a disease, which soon closed his eyes upon all temporary objects; and he was entombed beside the remains of a once fond partner, who had not lived to behold this melancholy reverse of fortune.

For some time *Florimore* remained inconsolable—nor could every assistance which the genuine friendship of *Leontine* bestowed dispel the gloom from his mind, or revive his depressed spirits. At length, however, calm reflection resumed her place in his soul; and a disposition to submit with resignation to the divine will, triumphed in his mind. “*The Lord hath given (said he) the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be his name.*”

At the pressing solicitations of his friend, *Florimore* repaired to the hospitable dome of *Leontine*; and every hour which could be spared from the calls of his profession, *Leontine* devoted to solace the cares, and sweeten the hours of him whom his soul loved.

Florimore's state of mind, and his bodily infirmities, prevented him from taking a part in the active pursuits of life—and his friend had assured him that no other separation than that which dissolves all human ties, should ever take place between them.—In this situation, one of the most important objects of *Florimore* was the cultivation of the infant mind of the young son of *Leontine*. And “well were all his cares repaid,” by the progress which his pupil made in knowledge and information.

Those who, from their wealth and rank in life, move in what is termed a more exalted sphere, are often necessitated to associate in some degree, with that class who have nothing but wealth to recommend them. It was *Leontine's* misfortune to be thus situated. At an entertainment given to the neighbouring gentlemen, *Vespers* made one of the company. He abounded in wealth, but was an entire

stranger to every finer feeling of the soul. The tale of distress made little or no impression upon his mind; and the door, though encircled with merit and virtue, he ever treated with rudeness and disdain. His rough and uncouth manners led him to express his contempt of humble worth on all occasions.—He was no stranger to *Florimore's* situation and circumstances; and notwithstanding his presence, took occasion to fling out the most bitter reflections and pointed sarcasms, upon dependent objects.—*Leontine* perceived the drift of his observations, and was sensible to whom they pointed. His noble soul took fire at the affront, and he openly accused *Vespers* not only of ill manners, but brutality. His resentment led him further; he bid him depart from his presence, nor ever darken again his doors with an object, that could boast of nothing but an human form; the world, continued he, can furnish me, if I want, with hundreds like yourself; but the world cannot give me another *Florimore*.

Leontine and *Florimore* passed many years in the mutual enjoyment of the sublimest friendship—The seeds of *Florimore's* disorder at length made their second appearance, and the power of medicine was ineffectual to preserve a life so precious. He yielded up his breath to him who gave it—and left the best of friends to deplore an irreparable loss—When *Leontine's* grief had in some measure abated, he erected a monument over the remains of his friend, upon which he inscribed the following short epitaph:

Of nobler worth, the dear remains
Beneath this polish'd marble lies;
The soul immortal bliss obtains;
By angels welcom'd to the skies.

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN TRUMBULL.

AMONG those who have successfully contributed to inspire the American people with the love of literature and liberty, who directed their minds to sound views

of the nature of government, and refined their taste by the two-fold means of criticism and poetry, the author of “*M. Fingal*” deserves to be considered as one of the first. Indeed, before his time, however they might have been cultivated in the middle and southern portions of North-America, letters were in a very crude and debased condition in New-England. Efforts, it is true, had been made to lead the general mind towards their more assiduous culture; but the slightest comparison of the writings of Mr. Trumbull with those of his immediate predecessors, will surprize the critic with a dissimilitude which, in any European country, could scarcely have been expected to have happened in less than a century.

John Trumbull was born in the town of Waterbury, in Connecticut, in the year 1749 or 1750. His father, a wealthy and respectable clergyman of the place, early instructed him in the usual elements of education; and, flattered by his docile and active genius, led him from English to Latin and Greek. Nor were his cares unrewarded: for such was the uncommon vigour of the intellect of his son, and so assiduously did he apply himself, that, at the age of seven, after a full examination, he was declared sufficiently advanced in his academic studies to deserve admission into Yale College. His tender years disinclining his parents to place him there so young, he was withdrawn, and did not join that institution till he was thirteen, or had entered his thirteenth year. His collegiate life was one continued scene of success. The superiority of his genius, attainments, and industry, elevated him, on every trial, over all his competitors; and such of his collegiate exercises as have been made public, evidence a spirit and correctness of thought and expression rarely discernible in more advanced years, and after greater opportunities of instruction. Mr. Trumbull graduated in 1767. In what manner the interval between this period and 1771 was spent, the writer of this ar-

ticle is not particularly informed. He has an indistinct recollection, however, that Mr. Trumbull was engaged in the business of instruction, in some part of Connecticut. In 1771, he accepted a tutorship in Yale College; in which office Dr. Dwight was also engaged, and was concerned in various periodical publications with that gentleman; all of which contributed to his reputation.—Some of these performances were satirical; and their surprising success induced the author to turn his attention more particularly to a species of writing for which, till then, he had himself, modestly questioned his qualifications. But, whatever might have been his own conceptions as to the peculiar bent of his talents, his companions were too often forced to smart under the lash of his satire to entertain any doubts of his success. Nor does he appear to have been long held in doubt himself; for, in 1772, he published his poem, entitled, "*The Progress of Dullness*," in three parts, separately printed. This poem had an amazing sale; and, notwithstanding several editions, and one as late as 1794, is now seldom to be met with, either in shops or in libraries. To judge properly of the merit of this performance, the reader should be accurately, and even minutely, acquainted with the peculiar manners of the New-England people, and particularly with their manners at that time....for twenty years have made many changes....and as few foreigners can acquire this knowledge, the perusal of the "*Progress of Dullness*" cannot be expected to interest the European reader in any remarkable degree.

Mr. Trumbull resigned his tutorship in 1773, and repaired to Boston. His original design was to devote himself to literature; but his father, judging, perhaps, more prudently for his son, obliged him to make choice of a profession; and Mr. Trumbull having determined in favour of the bar, he was placed under the direction of Mr. Adams, then a distinguished advocate and counsellor in Boston, late President of the United States.

But though he was now condemned to a pursuit little congenial to one whose inclination continually tempted his feet to stray into the pleasant path of poetry, Mr. Trumbull did not forget the Muses; and an occasion soon presented itself worthy of his pen. How he acquitted himself may be seen in his "*Elegy on the Times*," first published at Boston, in 1774. On his admission to the bar, Mr. Trumbull returned to Connecticut; and, after no long time, settled at Hartford, where he has ever since continued. Here he soon became one of the ablest and most popular advocates; and till within a few years, (when his health had been so much impaired as to oblige him to decline the exercise of his profession) he was considered as the ablest counsellor in the county, and among the ablest in the State. His domestic habits which seldom permitted him to mingle much in society at large; and, perhaps, the fear of his satiric talents, prevented that eager interest in his behalf, among a large body of men, which would have carried him forward into public life; and it is owing, perhaps, to these sedentary habits, and to this seclusion, that he has become the victim of hypochondriac and nervous affections, which now impair his usefulness, and poison his felicity.

Mr. Trumbull has been the sole or part author of numerous periodical publications, on literary, moral, and political subjects, all of which have commanded great respect. Of those, in which he was concerned with others, none has attracted more applause than a series of papers, somewhat on the plan of "*The Reliand*," and executed with equal wit, entitled, "*American Antiquities*," and extracts from "*The Anarchiad*," originally published in the New-Haven Gazette for 1786 and 1787. These papers have never been collected; but they were republished, from one end of the continent of America to the other, in the newspapers of the day. They were the joint work of Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Barlow, Col. Humphreys, and Dr. Hopkins.

But the work which has most contri-

buted to establish the reputation of this poet, is the poem of "*M'Fingal*;" a poem which has been favourably received in Europe, and which was read with rapture in America.

Mr. Trumbull has published....

1. *M'Fingal*, a modern epic poem, in four cantos, printed in 1784....last American edition, 1796.

2. *The Progress of Dullness*, first printed in 1772....last edition in 1794.

3. *Elegy on the Times*, 1774....collected with his smaller serious poems, in American poems, vol. i. published in Litchfield, Connecticut, 1793.

It is said that Mr. Trumbull is preparing a complete edition of his works, illustrated with notes, and comprising many unpublished essays and poems.

ON THE PREVAILING IGNORANCE OF GEOGRAPHY.

AN American gentleman was once entertained by a *Welsh* knight. It was at the opening of the American war, on which the discourse naturally turned. The knight, after some discussion on the causes of the troubles, very shrewdly observed that the troops designed for the service would have a very long march.

This story was related by the American with much exultation over the ignorance of the Welshman. On inquiring where the knight lived, I was answered, "In Shropshire;" but, added my friend, "I found equal ignorance of American geography in every other county in *Wales*."

A lady, sagacious and well-informed in general, observed that "Welshmen in America were, in that respect, as ignorant as their countrymen. Her father had formerly a Welshman for his servant, whom she once asked whether the city of Wales was as large as New-York. But the question, however plain, and though David had lived three months in the latter city, he was unable to answer."

"Pray," said a young girl who had been very attentive to the conversation, addressing herself to the traveller, "where

about in North-Wales did this knight you talk of live? I was bred and born there, but dont remember any man of that name. She recollected one Peggy Knight, who used to come and stay at her father's in *killing-time*."

This produced a laugh from a great part of the company, who knew the questioner to have been born in the township of North-Wales, not forty miles from Philadelphia.

"Child," said the traveller, "the Wales that I was talking of, was Wales in Europe, not in America."

"Really," said an old gentleman who had hitherto been silent, and speaking with great deference, "I thought till this moment, that Wales was a place, not in Europe but in England."

The traveller's countenance betrayed some marks of confusion. "You are right," said he to the old gentleman, "I ment England. Wales is a part of England, it is true; for Europe is a continent; and England and Scotland, all the world knows, *are islands*."

This series of geographical blunders was, perhaps, the more remarkable as there was hung up, in full view, on the wall of the apartment, a large map of Europe; and all the parties in this discussion had been for a long time, accustomed to assemble conversationally in this room.

In truth, notwithstanding the facility with which geographical knowledge may be gained, there are few things with which men in general are less acquainted. This science is not immediately connected with any of the common pursuits of life. A man may out-live Methusalem, and bear his part in ordinary transactions without discredit, who yet knows not whether Indostan be an isthmus or peninsula.

Knowledge in general has been sometimes represented as a dome resting upon columns, which columns are the sciences. That column which contributes least to the grandeur or stability of the edifice, is doubtless physical geography, or the sci-

ence which acquaints us with the mode in which land and water, mountain and stream, are distributed over the surface of the globe. Whether the isles of New-Zealand be hills or plains; whether the south pole be surrounded by continent or ocean; whether the Niger flows east or west; and whether the Nile proceeds, like other rivers, from springs in the earth or from hills in the moon, are points than which it is hard to imagine any less important to our happiness, or less conducive to advancement in any of the useful arts or abstruse sciences. Every one knows the time, pains, and *pence* which the investigation of the three last questions has occasioned, and how much stress had been laid, by very grave people, on their accurate decision; yet, surely human curiosity could scarcely be more idly employed.

There is a difference, it is plain in the importance of different geographical questions. Lord North, when he proposed the invasion of the Colonies, was under no absolute necessity of knowing that a long tract of water separated England from America. The admiralty commissioners and their agents, those at least who were to serve as pilots to the armaments, would stand in need of this knowledge; but Lord North's coachman found it extremely convenient to know that his Lordship's country residence lay on the North side of the Thames.

Baron de Tott found it very hard to convince the Turkish ministers that it was possible for a Russian fleet to make its appearance in the Archipelago, without passing the Dardanelles. This was a geographical fact, without doubt, of which it was dangerous to be ignorant.

Many a Merchant of these States has sent cargoes to Petersburg and Buenos Ayres, who has been wholly ignorant whether oceans or mountains separated those places from each other; nor was this knowledge in him at all necessary to the success of his projects.

There were German Abbots and Bishops, before the reformation, who be-

lieved that the Cæsar spoken of in the gospels and apostolic acts was a descendant of Rodolphus of Hapsburg; and that Judea was a district somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rome.

The illiterate readers of the bible, indeed, in all nations, fall into whimsical and ludicrous errors, both as to the chronology and geography of the bible history. From some of these errors, the most enlightened and intelligent, in other respects, are not exempt. Two females, of great intellectual merit, once appealed to me, in a controversy which had risen between them, whether Egypt was separated from England by the Red Sea or the River Nile.

Geography, indeed, in its strictest sense, and unconnected with other sciences, is of such little intrinsic importance, that no compilation or system, merely geographical, has hitherto appeared. Books under this title contain a medley of information, historical, statistical, philosophical, and moral; and, I may also add, astronomical: but the geography of these productions, is little more than is contained in the maps which sometimes accompany them.

The value of Geographical knowledge lies in its subservience to other arts or pursuits. It cannot boast of being a necessary handmaid to any; but, its benefits to the reader of history are most conspicuous. It serves to make images flowing from narrations more vivid and durable, though it is not necessary to make them intelligible.

One, for instance, who should have engraven on his mind the map of England, consisting of all its outlines and divisions, and the mutual relations and distances of its shores, provinces, and cities, will read the history of the civil wars of Charles I. with conceptions different from him who never saw a map; or read a topographical description; but the latter is as likely to comprehend the causes and tendencies of all events, to derive from the perusal of the story political and moral knowledge, as the former. His

ideas, however, will be differently modified, and will be less satisfactory, and, if I may use the term, less picturesque than those of the former.

ON JACK.

COME, my friend, I want to write. Give me a theme. What shall it be?

My friend paused, stroked his chin, and looked up. "Why, Jack," said he at length—

Ay, ay, interrupted I, Jack let it be. I will write a dissertation on *Jack*, and thus will I begin:—

I will leave to philosophers to say how the name of individuals came to be applied to the species; how *horse* and *tree*, from being distinctions of a single animal and vegetable, came to be appropriated to millions of things of the same kind, and will merely endeavour to point out a specimen of this process, in a few of what are called christian names of men and women.

It is no wonder that in bestowing names upon our children, we should be governed by an imagined dignity or sanctity connected with them. If I am called upon to guess the name of a Turk or an Arab, I shall of course light upon that of Mahomet. If I be introduced to a Jew, 'tis a hundred to one that his name is Abraham or Moses. If my companion be a christian, the most plausible conjecture will be that his name is *John*.

Among the founders of our religion, it is difficult, perhaps, to discover in whose favour popular veneration ought to decide, whether for Peter or for Paul. Among Catholics, however, the preference will, for obvious reasons, be given to Peter; while the antipathies of Protestants have degraded Peter into something of a ludicrous and vulgar appellation, and Paul seems to be in vogue with neither party. The harbinger, and one of the disciples of the great teacher, had the same name; and this coincidence, perhaps, it is that has given such unbounded popularity to *John*. Among christian names, *John* is by far more prevalent than any other.

Among other profound topics of inquiry, I would humbly propose to the sagacity of etymologists, the finding out why *John*, a sound of such rapid and easy utterability, should be familiarly changed into *Jack*, with which it has such slight analogy, and the sound of which is so much more difficult and harsh.

Tom, Dick, and Harry, are formed by a very natural and obvious process from Thomas, Richard, and Henry, but *Jack* is a roughening of what was soft, a change of easy into difficult, and is formed upon no ordinary maxims of analogy. It is one of those freaks, caprices, and contempts of rule which human affairs continually present to us.

It is curious to observe the metamorphoses which *John* and *Jack* have undergone, and the transitions which they have experienced from denoting individuals, to designating the species. When the great satyrist thought proper to personify the British nation, and to christen this creature of his fancy, no name more suitable could occur to him than *John Bull*. The French are used to fright their children into quietness, by saying they will call *John Englishman*.

On the same principle it is, that professions like nations have acquired the general name of *Jack*, in addition to a surname either accidental or descriptive. Every sailor, for example, is nothing else than a *Jack Tar*. Every conjurer who shews slight-of-hand tricks, and who chiefly signalizes his dexterity by swallowing and disgorging immense puddings, has become, by every talker of English, a *Jack Pudding*. The superintendant of the gallows has been, time out of mind, denominated *Jack Ketch*; and he whose dexterity or versatility has made him a proficient in more crafts than one, is well known by the name of a *Jack-of-all-trades*.

I should like to know the origin of *Jack-a-Dandy*. It seems to denote the class of frivolous impertinents, and to be near a kin to *Tom Fool*.

It is amusing to mark the popularity which *Jack* has acquired even among children. Every one of us remembers the little dramas in which *Jack* has been personated. What bursts of laughter have accompanied the comical grimaces and affected complaints of *Lame Jack*? Which of us but has rehearsed the doleful case of *Jack-in-the-corner*; listened to the memorable achievements of *Jack-the-Giant-Killer*, and related all the marvellous incidents that took place in the *House that Jack built*? A shingle split into similar pieces, and formed into a bundle, is forthwith transformed into *Jack-straws*, and pebbles thrown into the air and caught alternately on the back and palm of the hand, become *Jack-stones*.

Jack being the name of males among men,

has become, in many cases, the denomination of sex in general, not only among men, but among quadrupeds and birds. Thus, in the old adage, it is said that every *Jack has his Gill*; and nothing is more common than to hear of a *Jack-ape* (or *Jack-an-apes*), *Jack-ass* and *Jack-daw*.

Even vegetables have been sometimes christened with this useful name. The most popular and common of all fruits, is the apple, and hence the well known appellation of a certain species is *John-Apple*. In the West-Indies it was once the fashion for every man to arm himself with a cane or cudgel of wood which, from its elasticity, obtained the name of *Supple-Jack*.

There are but few arts in which some ordinary tool is not a namesake of mine. Carpenters, if I mistake not, place great confidence in a *Jack-plane*. Cooks would be sadly puzzled in their vocation without the assistance of either a *Flying*, a *Steam*, or a *Smoke-Jack*. No horseman ever went forth to battle without *Jack-boots*, or to bed without first being accommodated with a *Boot-Jack*. Even that mysterious and mischievous elf who trepan the unsuspecting traveller into pits and quagmires, is, in general, no body but *Jack with a lanthorn*. Sometimes he appears in a different form, and his instrument of fraud is not a lanthorn, but a *wisp* of burning straw, and *Jack* with his lanthorn, is not a more arch deceiver than *Will with a wisp*.

We may observe that *Jack* is always applied in a familiar and contemptuous manner, whether in relation to the individual or species. *John* has undergone the fate of many things originally celebrated or sacred. Its celebrity and sanctity made it frequent, and its frequency has made it vulgar and contemptible. Hence in plays and novels, the fine gentleman or captivating youth, is always a *Charles* or a *George*; whereas the clown or the valet is only *plain John*.

John, by means I need not now stop to explain, has been the ground work of many surnames, all of which are nearly as common as the christian name. Hence have arisen *Jacks*, *Jackson*, *Johnson*, *Johnstone*, and *Jones*. The latter prevails most, and if it were allowable to denominate a nation by the name most common to the individuals of it, the English would find their only adequate representative in

Your humble servant,
JOHN JONES.

HOME'S DOUGLAS.

I NEVER read the tragedy of Douglas without shedding tears. Perhaps it is a weakness, yet, if so, it is a weakness that I would not exchange for the heroism of Alexander or Achilles. What despicable, grovelling, low-minded wretches they must have been, who could persecute the author of so noble a performance; a performance which, as long as classical elegance be admired, or the feelings of humanity exist; as long as virtue or religion can claim a corner in the heart of man, will retain its station in the first rank of dramatic literature.

O superstition!—thou bane of every virtue! how long hast thou held thy virtues in close subjection! how long hast thou persecuted the innocent, and screened designing villains from detection!—Thanks to the superior power of reason, thy reign is nearly at an end: already thy throne totters, and thy airy pageants disappear. The all-piercing rays of truth, ere long, shall drive thee to thy gothic den; and we shall behold thee no more. Then shall genius flourish, untrameled with thy chains; and the fair flowers of virtue, unblasted by thy pestiferous breath, bloom in eternal beauty.

Will the next generation believe, that Mr. Home was summoned to appear before an ecclesiastical court, to answer for the crime of writing the tragedy of Douglas?—If they do believe it, what sensations of pity must they feel for the folly of their forefathers! Had Mr. Home degraded the sacred character of a clergyman, by writing an obscene comedy, then could I have justified the Scottish session for its severity; but let me ask the members of that paltry tribunal, if any of them be living, whether they can point out a single line in the play that is derogatory to the rules of religious rectitude?—What can be more sublime, or breathe a purer spirit of piety, than the following passages?

Lady Randolph says:

.....Sincerity,
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path; although the earth should gape,
And from the gulph of hell destruction cry
To take dissimulation's winding way.

Again:

.....Unparallel'd event;
Reaching from heaven to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father!
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
For such a gift!

Once more:

O! thou all-righteous and eternal King!
Who Father of the fatherless art call'd,
Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord,
Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd;
Set him on high like them, that he may shine
The star and glory of his native land!
Then let the minister of death descend,
And bear my willing spirit to its place.

Would to God that our modern clergy would preach and act up to such sentiments! then would religion no longer be the scoff of fools, nor virtue be scouted as an ideal phantom.

Lord Randolph tells us,

There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom.

Could those *learned religionists* rail at such sentiments as these?—surely not: yet predestination, the leading tenet of the play, is also the primary principle which *they* inculcate.

Ignorance, blind, bigotted ignorance, was the demon which urged them forward. The word *play* grated upon their pious ears, and they resolved to persecute its author, who, if he had thrown the sentiments of Douglas into a sermon, or a didactic poem, might, perhaps, have received their vote of thanks.

I have penned these observations, not because the fame of Mr. Home stands in need of a panegyrist, but as a tribute due to an author, from whose works I have received more heart-felt pleasure, than all the obscene wit of Congreve or Vanbrugh could ever excite.

The tender feelings of a mother, and the filial duty of a son, are so strikingly portrayed, that every heart, not callous to the sense of feeling, must be deeply interested in the perusal: and such a vein of genuine piety runs through the whole, that religionists, to whatever sect they may adhere, cannot withhold their applause.

CARLOS.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

(From Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son.)

DEAR SON,

THERE is no species of advice which seems to come with more peculiar propriety from parents to children, than that which respects the marriage-state, for it is a matter in which

the first must have acquired some experience, and the last cannot. At the same time it is found to be that in which advice produces the least effect. For this, various causes may be assigned; of which, no doubt, the principal is, that passion commonly takes this affair under its management, and excludes reason from her share of the deliberation. I am inclined to think, however, that the neglect with which admonitions on this head are treated, is not unfrequently owing to the manner in which they are given, which is often too general, too formal, and with too little accommodations to the feelings of young persons. If, in descanting a little upon the subject, I can avoid these errors, I flatter myself you are capable of bestowing some unforced attention to what an affectionate desire of promoting your happiness, in so essential a point, may prompt.

The difference of opinion between sons and fathers in the matrimonial choice, may be stated in a single position....that the former have in their minds the first month of marriage, the latter, the whole of its duration. Perhaps you will, and with justice, deny that this is the difference between us two, and will assert that you, as well as I, in thinking of this connection, reflect on its lasting consequences. So much the better! We are then agreed as to the mode in which it is to be considered, and I have the advantage of you only in experience and more extensive observation.

I need say little as to the share that personal charms ought to have in fixing a choice of this kind. While I readily admit, that it is desirable that the object on which the eyes are most frequently to dwell for a whole life, should be an agreeable one; you will probably as freely acknowledge, that more than this is of too fanciful and fugitive a nature to come into the computation of permanent enjoyment. Perhaps in this matter I might look more narrowly for you, than you would for yourself, and require a suitability of years and vigour of constitution, which might continue this advantage to a period that you do not yet contemplate. But dropping this part of the subject, let us proceed to consider the two main points on which the happiness to be expected from a female associate in life must depend....her qualifications as a *companion*, and as a *helper*.

Were you engaged to make a voyage round the world on the condition of sharing a cabin with an unknown messmate, how solicitous would you be to discover his character and disposition before you set sail! If, on enquiry, he should prove to be a person of good sense and cultivated manners, and especially of a temper inclined to please and be pleased, how fortunate would you think yourself! But if in addition to this, his tastes, studies, and opinions, should be found conformable to yours, your satisfaction would be complete. You could not doubt that the circumstance which brought you together, would lay the foundation of an intimate and delightful friendship. On the other hand, if he were represented by those who thoroughly knew him, as weak, ignorant, obstinate, and quarrelsome, of manners and dispositions totally opposite to your own, you would probably rather give up your project, than submit to live so many months confined with such an associate.

Apply this comparison to the domestic companion of the voyage of life....the intimate of all hours....the partaker of all fortunes....the sharer in pain and pleasure....the mother and instructress of your offspring. Are you not struck with a sense of the infinite consequence it must be of to you, what are the qualities of the heart and understanding of one who stands in this relation; and of the comparative insignificance of external charms and ornamental accomplishments? But as it is scarcely probable that all you would wish in these particulars can be obtained, it is of importance to ascertain which qualities are the most essential, that you may make the best compromise in your power. Now, tastes, manners, and opinions, being things not original, but acquired, cannot be of so much consequence as the fundamental properties of good sense and good temper. Possessed of these, a wife who loves her husband, will fashion herself in the others according to what she perceives to be his inclination; and if, after all, a considerable diversity remain between them in such points, this is not incompatible with domestic comfort. But sense and temper can never be dispensed with in the companion for life; they form the basis on which the whole edifice of happiness is to be raised.

(To be continued.)

New-York,

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1802.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU say you are not satisfied with my silence. You wish me to write, if it is only to amuse yourselves. However warped the exterior of your countenances might have become, in pronouncing these words, you will perceive I have taken it for earnest, for I immediately assumed my habit, pulled out my pocket-book, which contained notes of the preceding night's adventure, and began to arrange them in the order you now see them.

You must know, then, that I have a friend, who lives at the Court end of the town, in the very centre of wealth and fashion. As I am admitted at all hours, without quite as much ceremony as when a Spanish nobleman receives his visitants on a levee day, I frequently seat myself in the dining-room, and chat away an hour with any of the family who may be there to entertain me.

A few evenings since, I called upon my friend, as usual, (who, by the by, is a plain kind of man) and, being seated by the door which communicates with the drawing-room, in which I observed a crowd of ladies, the following sounds met my ear:

"True, true, now you are speaking of dress, what eccentricities shall we invent for the warm season?"

"Why," replies another, "that is the very subject Miss—— and I were speaking on. I am sure it will not answer to follow, implicitly, the fashions of the rude and unpolished public. We must certainly have fashions for ourselves, and all the elegantes of the town will, of course, follow them."

"I am entirely of your opinion," replies a third, "and shall readily subscribe to their being of Parisian model. We have been loaded with thick muslins and heavy dimities long enough; and, notwithstanding they have been reduced to nearly one half the size of what they were in the Gothic ages of

"97 and 98, they are still so cumbersome, that we shall never find ease or comfort till they are laid aside entirely. For my part, I don't see why our dress should differ from that of the other sex. Its true, our pantaloons may be made of silk, of the natural colour; and those who are timid, or unambitious, may be allowed to throw a robe of sheer muslin over them; but I think that would be unnecessary, as it would rather tend to hide their figures; and more especially, as there can be no doubt that, if this fashion is once brought up by us, it will be followed by quite as many as we could wish."

The upper part of the dress was then proposed; one of the young Misses thought, that the waistcoat, as worn by the Bucks of the day, would answer very well; but this was objected to by two married ladies, who gave each other a significant look: they all agreed, however, that it should resemble it, but they concluded it ought to be rather longer, and not quite so tight.

A committee was then appointed to notify the buck law-givers of the proceedings of the meeting. Some thought it would be rather cold and formal to inform them by letter, and proposed waiting upon them in person, but the majority thought this savour'd too much of enthusiasm, and the motion was lost. As they were about to adjourn, I thought prudent to decamp.

OBSERVER.

THIS number of THE LADY'S MONITOR compleats the third quarter. Our Subscribers in this City are requested to pay no cash to applicants, on account of this paper, without a printed bill from the Editors.

MARRIED,

On Thursday, the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. JONATHAN BREARLY to Miss MARTHA BAKER, both of Maidenhead.

DIED,

At Roxbury, on the 6th inst. in the 59th year of his age, the Hon. JOHN LOWELL, Esq. Chief Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the First Circuit.

Parnassian Garland.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's lived glare,
O'er hang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary cave,
A wretch'd Suicide holds his curs'd abode.

Lowr'd the grim morn, in murky dyes,
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And Dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook that ling'ring laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gesture strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade the hand imbru'd;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night,
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt, the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair for ever in his view,
A spectre pale appear'd;
While as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant shape she rear'd.

"Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth, whose genius high
"Could build the genuine rhyme?
"Whose bosom mild the favouring muse
"Had stor'd with all her ample views,
"Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime?"

Ah! from the muse that bosom mild,
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love,
To griefs congenial prone:

More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While Misery's form his fancy drew,
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not her own.

Then wish not o'er his earthly tomb
The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With Spring's green swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What tho' no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought;
Pity shall woo the weeping nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What tho' refused each chanted rite,
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In melancholy tones shall sing his pensive knell.

To sooth a lone unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivy'd nook,
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot his parting ray,
And thus a cherub voice my charm'd attention took.

"Forbear, fond Bard, thy partial praise,
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow,
Gay fancy gives her vest to flow,
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

Just Heav'n, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born woe:
Yet the same power, that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break the embattled foe.

Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon soul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm;
Had bade the son of hope appear
To gild the darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.

Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath;
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death."

ODE TO MAY.

LAST of the vernal train,
Yet fairest of the three,
Queen of delights, to thee
I consecrate this strain,

And hail thy gentle sway,
Mild, odoriferous, laughing May.

Bright is thy pearly eye,
From whence distils the dew,
Which to the violet blue
When thirsty, yields supply;
Or on the tulip pours,
Th' ambrosia of a thousand show'rs.

Sweet is thy balmy breath,
Which unperceiv'd perfumes,
The humble flow'r that blooms,
Amid the desert heath;
Or round the garden throws,
The fragrance of the richest rose.

Soft is thy syren tongue:
The red breast's matin lay,
That chants the livelong day;
And eve's blithe carrol sung,
In woodland notes divine,
These, beauteous queen, these songs are thine.

Full is thy open hand,
With all the bliss of time;
And moving on sublime,
Around a blooming land,
Thy fingers twine the wreath
Of health, on the pale brow of death.

Beneath thy airy tread,
Light o'er enamell'd plains,
Triumphal rapture reigns;
The flood of joy wide spreads;
And heaven, and earth, and sea,
Their blest orizons pay to thee.

Child of the sun's embrace!
Daughter of genial air!
Oh hear creation's prayer.
Move on with tardiest pace;
Thy chariot wheels delay;
And be the year, one month of May.

BEILINDA.

HAPPINESS.

MANKIND, in gen'ral, one great end pursue,
And all their deeds have happiness in view:
Some think t' obtain it in the busy court;
To seek it, some to rural scenes resort;
Others, in gold, strive happiness to find;
By travels, some would gain a happy mind.
But all these means will fail, nor can impart
A lasting bliss, or always cheer the heart.
Would you be happy?—seek a virtuous wife,
A quiet conscience, and a quiet life.

J. S.

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